

The Home of Love.

Fret! fret! fret!
No wonder the work goes wrong;
Worry, and fuss, and fume and fret,
With never a change in the song.
And the husband mutters, with scowling face,
As he enters his home and takes his place,
"Ah, surely, mine is a pitiful case,
For my wife does nothing but fret."
Scold! scold! scold!
And the voice is sharp and thin!
The eye is hard and the hand is quick,
And they spare neither kith or kin;
While the neighbors mock at the vixen's tongue,
And the husband goes where the drunkards throng,
And drowns his woes with a glass and song
Because his wife is a scold.
Smile! smile! smile!
For a magic power is this;
What a welcome home to a weary man
Are a smile and a wife's kiss!
For smile in a cottage must sunshine make,
As over the kindly lips they break,
Who would not work for the dear, sweet sake
Of a wife with a sunny smile!

Love! love! love!
Whatever the trouble be,
Remember that love is a brother fond,
That is born for adversity;
Though heavy the burdens may be to bear,
Of poverty, wearied toil, and care,
The lowliest home may be bright and fair,
If it is but the home of love.
—Everybody's Magazine.

POOR JOHN!

BY FLORENCE H. GETCHELL.

It was an August day; the heat was intense, and Mrs. Arde, on her way down town to do some shopping, stopped in at Mrs. Bray's to rest. She found Mrs. Bray, looking worn and anxious, busy mending her little son's diminutive knickerbockers. She put aside her work at once, however, on seeing her friend and begged Mrs. Arde to sit down.
"I'm real glad you came in," she said, "for I've been dull enough lately and haven't gone anywhere or seen anybody!"
"Have you been sick?" asked Mrs. Arde.
"Well, I can't say I've been actually sick, though I've had the headache almost constantly. But I haven't felt in the mood for any amusement. I often think I have more trouble than any one else living. I tell John it's no wonder I'm getting gray so fast. I'll look like an old woman long before my time."
"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Arde.
"Well, in the first place, there's to be a new superintendent at the mills on the first of September, and I expect nothing else but that John will lose his place."
"Why, isn't he liked?"
"Yes, but there are always so many discharges when a new superintendent comes in. If John loses his place I don't know what we will do—go to the poor-house, I suppose."
"Not so bad as that, I hope," and Mrs. Arde could not repress a smile.
"At least not while you own such a nice cottage as that you have just built on Pierce street. Mr. Arde and I drove past it yesterday and admired it very much."
"Oh, that's just another source of trouble. We built it to rent, you know, and it has been finished three weeks, and no sign of a tenant yet. I tell John it will eat its head off. It was a great mistake to build so far out. People won't go out there to live; it's too inconvenient. I was saying to John yesterday that it wouldn't surprise me at all if we didn't rent it for a year—and think what a loss!"
"Of course you remember the old saying about crossing a bridge before you come to it!" said Mrs. Arde.
"Oh, it's easy for you to talk; it isn't your bridge," was the rejoinder. "I wouldn't worry about the house so much if it were not that we are anticipating a heavy loss in another direction. John very foolishly went security on a note for two hundred dollars, which will fall due in three days. Not a word have we heard from the man who owes it, and I am morally certain he won't pay a cent of it. I feel fairly sick whenever I think of it. I told John yesterday that I'd never forgive him if he ever went security for any one again. I don't think a man ought to ask such a favor; it is taking a mean advantage of friendship."
"Why not hope that the note will be paid?" asked Mrs. Arde gently.
"There's no ground for hope," and Mrs. Bray sighed heavily. "How we are to manage I don't know, for it took every cent we'd laid by to build that cottage; and I told John when it was finished that we'd have to scrimp more than ever now. And we must calculate on a heavy doctor's bill too."
"Why so?"
"Well, Georgie had the diphtheria last January, you know, and all but died, and it stands to reason he'll have it again, his throat's so tender. I'm worried about him all the time. I don't take a moment's peace. Life is so strange! It does seem as if some people were shut off from everything like enjoyment. With me it's nothing but care and trouble from the beginning to the end of every year."
"I have always maintained that life is pretty much as we make it," said Mrs. Arde quietly, as she rose to go. "Of course trouble comes upon us sometimes—we must expect that—but it's a bad plan to borrow it. I think it is better to hope for the best under all circum-

stances and put our faith in the Lord. He's sure to bring things out right in the end. And you know that sometimes what seems like a great trouble turns out to be a blessing in disguise."
"Oh, it is easy for you to feel that way; you never have any worries," returned Mrs. Bray. "Your husband is well off and you have no children. I was saying to John this very morning that I must certainly have been born under an unlucky star."
"Poor John!" thought Mrs. Arde, but she made no reply.
A month later Mrs. Bray returned her friend's call. Her face still wore a worn, harassed expression, and she sighed as she accepted the chair Mrs. Arde pushed forward.
"I thought I'd run in for a little while," she said, "but I don't know that you'll thank me for coming. I'm dull company for anybody these days."
"I hope your husband hasn't been discharged," said Mrs. Arde.
"No; he's kept his place, and he and the new superintendent are great friends; I only hope it will last," was the reply.
"Then that worry is off your mind; and your cottage is rented, too. Mr. Arde and I drove past it yesterday and saw some children playing on the porch."
"Yes, it's rented, and to a very nice family," said Mrs. Bray. "They pay a higher rate than we expected to get too, and that's a great help. But of course they won't stay—we can't expect it. I was saying to John a few days ago that it wouldn't surprise me at all if the house was empty again by the end of December, there are always so many changes made about that season of the year."
"You must hope for the best. How about that note you feared would not be paid?"
"Oh, that trouble is off my mind, thank goodness! The man paid it. But it would be just like John to lend his name to another. I'm worried about it all the time. He don't know how to refuse a friend anything. I am always telling him that his generosity will bring us all to the poor-house yet."
Again Mrs. Arde thought of "Poor John!" and wondered how he endured life tied to a woman who crossed every bridge long before she came to it and found rocks and burrs in the smoothest path.
This is not a fancy sketch, and I venture nothing in saying that among those who read it there will be few who cannot call to mind people who, like Mrs. Bray, borrow trouble on every hand.—*Christian Weekly.*

Various Reasons Assigned.
There have been numerous reasons given to account for the fact that the north sides of churchyards are so often devoid of graves. In the west of England there is an idea that the north side was not consecrated, but was left for a playground for the children. Then, some again say that it is from the tradition that Jesus, when dying, turned his head to the south. Another reason given is that the south is the sunny side, and the side where the church door commonly is placed, and where, consequently, most people pass. The commonest reason appears to be that formerly murderers, excommunicated persons, stillborn children, etc., were wont to be buried on the north side, and some say that ghosts always choose the north side for their peregrinations. There is, however, an ecclesiastical reason. The east is God's side, where the throne is set; the west, man's side, the Galilee of the Gentiles; the south, where the sun shines in its strength, is the side of the angels and spirits; the north, the devoted region of Satan and his hosts, the lair of demons and their haunt.—*Troy Times.*

Old-Time Drinking Habits.
This writer remembers having worked in a crew of sixteen carpenters in Portland in 1825, every one whom drank spirits. The employer furnished grog to all at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Having finished one building the whole crew went down the harbor on an excursion and took two gallons of rum. In 1832 he helped build a meeting house in Whitefield. A hoghead of rum was bought by the contractor, and the most of it was consumed in building that meeting house. No—those were not the "good old times."—*Leiston (Me.) Journal.*

Settled.
Smith—Brown, the old bachelor, said he would never marry.
Jones—That's a fact. I've heard him say so myself.
S.—Well, I'll bet he'll be married in a month.
J.—What makes you think so?
S.—He's flirting with a widow.—*Boston Courier.*

An Appropriate Diet.
"I smelt cake baking this morning, Maria. What kind was it?" inquired Mr. Jinks.
"Sponge cake, dear. Shall I put some on the table for dinner?"
"No," said Jinks gloomily, "save it till some of your relations come to see us again. It'll be more appropriate."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Fur coats are again in vogue.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Danger of Wearing Earrings.

Dr. Morin, a French physician, in his new work on the hygienics of beauty, makes a dead set against earrings. In numbers of cases he has known erysipelas proceed from their use. The idea that they are good for weak eyes he quite disposes of. It is possible, he says, that in cases of inflamed eyes they might act as a counter irritant, but if they did they would make the lobe of the ear, which, not being rich in blood vessels, has little recuperative vitality, in a state of permanent ulceration. There is no surer test of a good or bad constitution than the state of an ear which has been pierced and exposed to the irritation of heavy earrings. If the lobes keep red and swollen, they proclaim bad blood and scrofulous tendencies.—*London News.*

Where do Fashions Start?

In Paris, most people will tell you. But where in Paris and by whose authority? There is no answer. It is like the ancient explanation of the support of the earth. It rested on the shoulders of a giant; the giant stood on the back of a turtle; the turtle was sustained by a dense cloud; the cloud rested on—it was none of your business on what.

But just suppose that one could solve the mystery and stand face to face with the woman who sets the fashion for all the women of a country or a continent, what an absolute queen he would behold! The great original duke who decrees the shape of the shoe, the height of the hat, and the volume of the trouser legs for millions of his fellow creatures has a say that might have satisfied the greedy Alexander, who, after he had the earth, wanted something else.

Truly, fashion is fearful and a wonderful thing!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Little Girl of To-day.

A handsome, well-formed girl of 12 years who is elaborately dressed three or four times a day, whose only chaperon seems to be her maid, who walks the veranda of a large hotel with the savoir faire of the woman of the world, who sees her bed usually at 12 o'clock, who donates her stockings as a souvenir to her boy lovers, and who, with more self-possession than sweetness, is quite capable of asking for the best place in the dance or at the table, can not, will not grow into the sort of a woman that one would want boys to marry; and yet this is the typical small girl. I quite believe that she comes usually of the nouveau riche, for people who are really good form do not cast their children upon the dangerous waters of public parlors in large hotels. Good, strong, hearty, healthful children in picturesque clothes—for they do not need to be ugly to be proper—give pleasure to everybody; but "Frou-Frou" in miniature, like an imitation of a puppet, is to be frowned upon, derided, and eventually driven from position, because she is neither good for the present nor does she promise better for the future.—*New York Star.*

What Women Need.

Women need to cultivate their own resources more. There are some who early recognize the difference of value between the perishable and imperishable things of this earth. Every valuable possession has its added care and expense. People who were once in moderate circumstances, or poor, even, who grew wealthy, look back upon the old life as freer from cares and happier; yet, if they were to go back to their early and simple style of living the world would severely criticize them. Every woman needs to keep up her list of old friends and to make new ones, too; the family and children cannot meet all the wants that middle aged people must have for friendship. Not any woman is so busy but that she can find time to write an occasional letter. If the friend to whom she owes a letter would come to see her, she could lay aside work and talk to her, and urge her to stay longer. One can stop on the street at the risk of taking pneumonia in winter, to talk to a friend for half an hour, and why cannot friends be civil when they do not meet? Pure air every day, which housekeepers need so much, would freshen them up until twice the amount of work could be accomplished that there is, without the dragging sensation which one has who stays so closely indoors. There are many mothers and children who do not go out for a week of snowy or stormy weather, and all grow irritable or cross, because they have failed to provide themselves with proper protections against storms—overshoes, leggings, rain coats or umbrellas. The English family entire goes out rain or shine. Health ranks first with them, as it should.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A Novel Method of Securing a Beautiful Complexion.

A very clever lady and the wife of a popular naval officer gave me a new idea of great social importance the other day, says a Washington letter. She was running on about society matters generally, when I remarked that a certain young lady possessed remarkably pretty cheeks, having that peculiarly lovely tinge of pink rarely seen among fashionable women and which cannot be imitated with the brush.

"O, phaw. You men don't know anything about it. The same effect is produced by a syringe."

"The syringe!" I exclaimed.
"Yes. Why, don't you know that fashionable women restore the color in the cheeks by hypodermic injections? They have a small syringe, the same as is used for administering an anæsthetic, and with this they inject a coloring fluid beneath the skin. Peachblow cheeks are very desirable, and if there is no blood there to make them, the minute veins can be forced full of coloring matter which answers for blood. The trouble is it is only temporary and will eventually injure the skin permanently. But what of that. Drunkenness is only a temporary pleasure and will eventually ruin those who indulge; so why sneer at women who wish to look interesting for an hour? There are women I know who habitually resort to the syringe for their color. When the effect is gone—that is, when the coloring matter is absorbed in the skin and carried away by the blood—the face is absolutely ghastly. The unskillful use of the instrument is quite as disastrous. There are the daughters of Admiral—, both of whom use it. By nature they haven't a particle of color. One of them—well, if you have ever seen her with her cheeks showing the pricks of the syringe, you will see a sight. I mean if you ever see her in the daylight. The coloring matter forced into the cheeks has been taken up into the glands beneath the eyes and carried into the end of the nose. She looks like—like—what do you call it?—yes, an old "bum." It is too funny for anything. There's the other difficulty, don't you see; you can't tell where the color is finally going to show up."

Fashion Notes.

Tailor jackets of diagonal cloth are most worn.

Round hats for little girls have very high crowns.

Persian material with chenille flowers is used for mantels.

Stand-up bows of old picot-edged ribbon trim many handsome bonnets.

Rough camel-hair fabrics of every description are popular for tailor-made gowns.

Favorite novelties in fancy ribbons include those with pompon and other fancy edges.

Lace effects are seen in silk and wool fabrics and in braids and other woven trimmings.

Fur boas are from two to three yards long, and some have tassels and others balls on the end.

Furs, especially Astrakhan and black marten, will be used to trim cloth suits for midwinter wear.

New winter bonnets show velvet roses, or petals stripped from the flower, massed in their pointed fronts.

Alpaca is now brought out in new colorings and improved texture that drapes better than the old.

Most brides prefer a tulle veil. It is now arranged to hang back away from the face, and is very becoming.

Ornaments for the hair, judiciously and effectively arranged, are fashionable. Fancy shell pins are much used.

Cut chenille trimming for panels and bodice trimming, with Persian design, is shown in all the seasonal colors.

Velveteen, corduroy, and cordereine are all much worn as jackets, revers, and parements of soft wool flocks.

Velvet bonnets are worn this season with cloth and fancy woolen suits, especially when velvet or velveteen forms part of the costume.

There is a growing fancy for all sorts of insect ornaments, such as butterflies, dragon flies, and the like, both in gold pins and in gems.

Old-fashioned button-moulds, with the dress material put on over them by hand, are being used. Black satin buttons are made in this way.

Pelisses of gray plush, lined with pink, are coming in vogue for babies' wear. The hood must match the pelisse, and be tied with soft pink satin strings.

Hoop earrings, now so fashionable, comprise plain gold hoops, knife-edge hoops, filigree bands, hoops of twisted pattern, a hoop of gold beads, and circles of pearls, diamonds and other gems.

A Youthful Financier.

"I think," said the Honorable Jason Dalzell the other day, "I never was better come up with than I was once by a youngster in the school which I taught after I failed in business and settled with my creditors for 30 per cent. The arithmetic class was on the floor, and I addressed one of the bright little fellows with:
"Richard, how many cents make a dollar?"
"Little Dick looked slyly from one to another of his mates, and hesitatingly replied:
"Well, um—uth—sometimes some an' sometimes more."
"What do you mean, Richard," I asked.
"Well," said he, "when you buy things 100 cents makes a dollar, but when you pay for 'em 30 'll do it."—*Chicago News.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Hints to Dyspeptics.

Much of the value obtained from mutton depends upon its cooking and previous tenderness. It should be kept till tender, and the time will depend upon the weather.

The tenderness of meat and its cooking cause the fibres thereof to be more easily broken up in the stomach; it is thus digested without delay. Beefsteak should be most tender before being submitted to the process of cooking. It should always be done—or rather underdone—over a clear fire of coal cinders or coke, which is better still.

The dyspeptic will do well to give hashes and stews a wide berth, unless they are exceptionally well cooked.

Tripe is an easily digested and most succulent supper dish.

Now as to pork. For a man who is in good health, and has the opportunity of taking constant exercise in the open air, this food is good and nutritious, but the invalid and dyspeptic must beware of it. Ham or bacon, with eggs, in the morning, however, is tolerably easily digested. So is pig's liver with bacon; and cold pig's cheek is good either as a supper or breakfast dish to those in ordinary health.

After pork comes veal in the scale of indigestibility, so that, on the whole, my best advice to the dyspeptic is to leave both alone, with the exception of frizzled thinly-cut bacon as a relish in the morning.

Sweetbreads, whether calves' or sheep's, are very nutritious and assist in the digestion of other foods.

On the whole, the health-seeker will do well to make the flesh of the sheep and ox, in moderate quantities, his staple, so far as albuminoid food is concerned, but he must vary this constantly with chicken, game and fish when in season.

He will hardly need to be told that beef and mutton, when good and properly cooked, give him life and energy, and therefore comfort, and to a great degree happiness; but I may remind him that an undue proportion of animal food renders him more liable to inflammatory troubles, whether acute or chronic; and again, if subject to rheumatism or other blood complaint, he must be cautious in the use of such viands.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Philosophy of the Falling Leaf.

Leaves are the most important part of the plant. A portion of the food which plants require is conveyed through the roots, but by far the larger portion is absorbed through the leaves. Leaves perform for plants a like function, to some extent, to that which the stomach does for man and the other orders of the animal kingdom which possess that organ. They assimilate the plant's food, converting inorganic matter into organic. Leaves are green because it is only in green matter that assimilation occurs. The food is gathered by the leaves from the sunlight, air and moisture, or rain. The larger the leaves the more food they absorb if exposed to sunlight and air, and, in some cases, the more rapidly the plant grows. At the end of the summer the leaf becomes loaded with solid inorganic matter and its functions are impaired. Its color then becomes modified. The green hue changes in the case of leaves of trees into yellow, brown, scarlet or other color, depending on the variety of tree, the condition of the atmosphere as respects the moisture and the presence or absence of frost. Where the air is driest and frosts come earliest after the leaf begins to change its color, the hues are the brightest and most varied. When the green color has vanished the leaf, being then incapable of receiving food from the elements, dries up and dies. But not one leaf falls unless wrenched off by external forces without leaving behind it in embryo the bud which is to unfold into a leaf and perform a like service for the plant in the succeeding year.

Love Me, Love My Dog.

"Will your dog bite, Johnnie?" asked Johnnie's sister's beau of that youngster, as he met him with an ugly cur tied to a string.

"Nary bite," replied Johnnie, confidently.

The young man put out his hand to pat the brute, and the result was a snapped finger. He jerked away his hand in a rage and exclaimed:

"Why, you miserable little rascal, you said that nasty cur wouldn't bite."

"Oh, no," said Johnnie, coolly.

"Yes, you did; confound you."

"No, I didn't. You said, 'will your dog bite Johnnie?' and I said he wouldn't, and he won't. He never bit Johnnie in all his born days and it wouldn't be good for 'im if he did. Bet your life that dog knows what to bite," and Johnnie went off whistling, with the dog trotting along at his heels, looking back over his stump tail at Johnnie's sister's beau.—*Tid-Bits.*

A Dog of Parts.

Bagley.—"That dog of yours is a dog of parts, Bagley."

Bagley.—"Yes, indeed. How did you come to notice it?"

Bagley.—"Well, he took part of my coat-tail yesterday. If you think he has any use for the other I'll bring it around."

—*Judge.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Reason Why.

zy is in the parlor,
Fun is on the stair,
Bustle in the kitchen,
Olors in the air!
Laugh in each dimple,
Smile in every eye!
Happy little maiden,
Can you tell me why?
Uncles, aunts and cousins
Coming gaily in—
What a glad commotion!
What a joyful din!
See the hearty greetings
Given one and all,
Listen to the echoes
Ringing through the hall!
Oh, it's glad Thanksgiving!
Joy of all the year!
Nothing half so happy—
Nothing half so dear!
Song and sport and pleasure
Make the moments fly—
Happy hearts and thankful—
That's the reason why!
—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

Grandpa's Queer Cane.

It was a cold winter night, seventy years ago. Little Polly had a "breath hole" on the frosty window pane, so she could peep out and watch Jonas watering the cattle at the brook, and see the red sunset clouds; and there was grandpa coming home from the woods, with an ax on his shoulder, and a cane in his other hand.

He came into the large, warm kitchen where she was, a few minutes later.

"Here, Polly," he said, "come and see my new cane."

Polly ran to examine it. It was slender and tapering, the head looked just like a snake's head, and it was striped and spotted like a snake.

"It looks just like a snake," said Polly, "only it is too straight and stiff. Where did you get it, grandpa?"

"I found it in a hollow log I was chopping to-day. I thought it would make me a nice cane, so I walked home with it to-night; and it did very well. It's a little slender to be sure; but it seems stout, and I don't believe it would break very easy."

"It's nice and smooth," said Polly, "and it's pretty, too, if it didn't look so much like a snake. I don't like snakes very well."

"Don't you? Well, set it up in the corner, now, and put the chairs about the table. I see Jonas coming in and I want my supper."

Polly set the cane in the corner near the great fire-place, and just then grandpa came in from the back buttery, with a bowl of apple sauce. Jonas came in with a pail of milk, and soon they all sat down to supper in the pleasant firelight.

They had just finished eating, when there was a little noise in the corner. They all looked around, but no cane stood there. Instead, a snake was squirming and twisting on the floor.

"For the land sakes!" cried grandpa, "how on earth did that snake get into the house?"

"I found him frozen up stiff in a log," said grandpa, "and walked home with him for a cane. He made a very good one, but now he has thawed out, Jonas, I guess you had better take him out and chop off his head."

Which Jonas was very willing to do.

Tommy's Fright.

Mary thought it was time her rabbits had their breakfast. Then her chickens must be fed, too. Mary was a faithful girl, and did not forget her pets.

She put some corn in a little basket; this was for the chickens. Some pieces of carrot went in next for the rabbits.

"Come, Tommy, and carry the basket for me," said Mary to her little brother.

Tommy was delighted to be useful. He put on his Scotch cap, with a feather in it. Then he followed Mary with the basket.

"Oh, goody!" cried Mary, as she peeped into the rabbit-house. There were several little rabbits in the corner. They had been born during the night.

"I must make them a fresh bed," said Mary. "You wait her a few minutes, little man."

Mary lifted her brother upon the flat roof of the rabbit house. He would be out of danger there, she thought, and would not soil his clothes in the mud. Then she ran to the barn for some hay.

Soon two great geese strolled into the yard. They marched up to the rabbit-house and stretched their long necks toward Tommy.

"Cooh! Cooh!" they cried. Then they bowed and nodded and screamed again.

Tommy was frightened and began to cry. He struck at the geese with his cap, but they only screamed the louder.

Mary now came running back with the hay.

"Cooh!" cried the geese, and "Ur-r-r!" roared Tommy.

"You poor boy," said Mary, laughing, "if you had given them some corn from the basket they would have been happy. They did not want to hurt you. They were only very hungry."

Tommy stopped crying and threw out some corn. Then the geese stopped crying also.

Tommy knows more about geese now than he did before.—*Our Little Ones.*

Life is short, but it isn't half so short as some men are through life.